

The Ribbon That Laced The Diary

by CN

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Summary: When Hamtaro finds a diary with the first entry saying I have to be perfect... ..

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The Ham-Human Hamtaro was in a rather melancholy mood as he pushed his way through the crowd of students.

For some reason, he just hadn't felt his usual, perky self lately. He had no idea why: Nothing in his life had drastically changed.

Hmmâ€|, He thought, _perhaps that was the problem._

But what on earth did he want to change!

He continued to ponder this wellâ€|ponderous question until he was able to sit by the lake that was adjacent to the school. He often ate his lunch here, but that was usually with his friends. Today, he was all alone.

He plopped himself down when--"OWW!"

He sat on something that wasn't the fertile ground. He picked up whatever he was sitting on and brought it to his face.

A book.

A beautiful, light brown leather book that was tied with one beautiful, silk ribbon. In golden script letters, the words _Diary_ were etched carefully onto the cover.

Hamtaro wondered whether or not he should open it--just to identify the owner of the book--but then thought that it might be an invasion of privacy.

But then againâ€|whoever lost the diary surely would want it back?

So he decided to read only as much of the diary as it took to find the possessor.

Carefully, he untied the blue ribbon that kept the book in place and looked at the delicate handwriting that filled up the sugar-cookie scented pages.

I am a nice person.

â€|_No, really, I amâ€|_

It's just that I have to be perfect, and it's not easy to be perfect.

Hamtaro looked over and over again at the entry. Why would anyone want to be perfect? It was the flaws that one had that made that someone extra special.

He was about to turn the page to see the second entry, when, a voice called out to him.

"'amtaro!" Bijou ran up to him, her cheeks looking unusually pink. She must have been running for she took a few seconds to catch her breath.

"Hey, Bijou," he greeted.

She looked at him with apprehension in her eyes. "Ummâ€|what iz zat you 'ave got zhere?"

"This? I don't know. Someone's diary."

"A _diary_?" She asked worriedly.

"â€|Yeahâ€|" Then a thought hit him, "Do you know who this belongs to?"

"Oui," she said, still looking mortified. "It belongz to m-my friend."

"Oh, then I'll go return it to her," Hamtaro explained.

"No, that's ok, 'amtaro. I'll give it back zoo 'er. I see 'er in the next clazz anyway," Bijou explained, taking the book out of Hamtaro's hands.

"Bijou, our next class is English. I have that with you, too. I can give it to her there!"

"It iz no trouble, 'amtaro!" Bijou exclaimed, keeping a vice grip on the diary. "Did you 'appen to read any of zee diary?" She asked at length.

"I only read the first entry---Hey! Isn't that your ribbon on the book?" Hamtaro asked.

"No."

"It looks exactly like the one in your hair."

"No it doezn't."

"Yeah it does."

"No it doezn't."

"Yeah it does!"

"Forget it!" Bijou snapped. Just let me give the book to her. That's the reason I came out here anyway," she enlightened.

"Ok, if you really want to give it back to her that badlyâ€¦"

"Merci, 'amtaro," she said, relieved. "I will zee you in English." And then, she practically ran away from him. Little did Hamtaro know that was to hide the furious shade of vermilion her face had turned.

Hamtaro, watching her walk away, couldn't help but feel a smile form on his face from Bijou's persistence.

But he felt something soft in his hand. He looked down and realized that Bijou hadn't taken back the ribbon that Hamtaro took out to open the diary.

Now he had an excuse to talk to Bijou again.

It was then he realized, he didn't feel so upset anymore.

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